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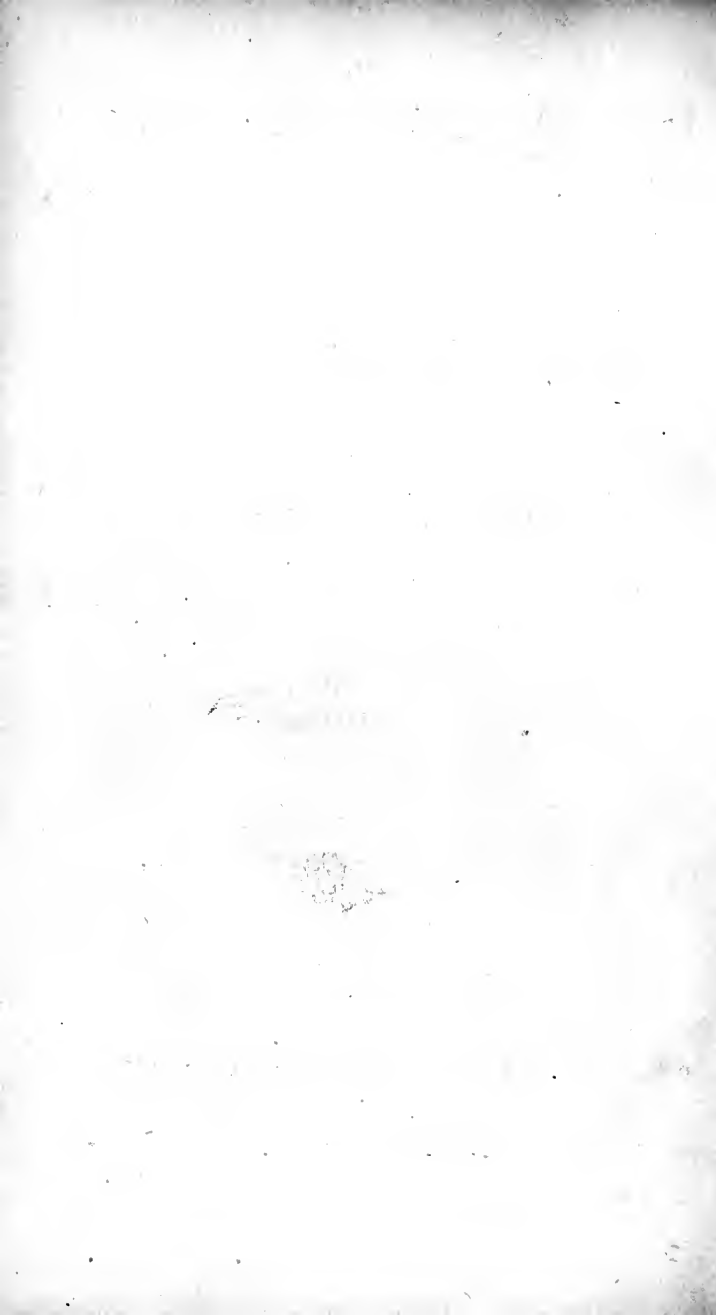
A N E W E D I T I O N.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. MURRAY, (No. 32.) FLEET-  
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MDCCLXXXVI.



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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**S** OON after the publication of a former edition of Mr. Gray's poems, the Rev. Mr. Mason, author of *Elfrida*, gave notice to the publisher by a particular messenger, that he had trespassed upon his property, by inserting fifty lines \* in his volume which belonged to him, and threatened to seek legal redress in case satisfaction was not made for this offence.

To this strange charge, the publisher could hardly give credit. The practice of taking moderate extracts from publications of all kinds is common to every bookseller, and every author, over the kingdom; and no person takes greater liberties in this way than Mr. Doddsley, the bookseller employed by Mr. Mason.—Nay, Mr. Mason himself had behaved in the manner complained of, and adapted without scruple to

\* Mr. Mason claimed, besides, *Ode for Music, irregular*; which, however, he failed to establish.

his quarto edition of Mr. Gray's poems, a large extract which he took from another work. It was true also, that the *fifty lines* had been printed indiscriminately by others, who pretended to no exclusive property in them, that they were not written by Mr. Mason, nor bequeathed to him particularly by the author.

From every circumstance attending this matter, the ridicule of the claim became stronger. But suspecting that a gentleman of Mr. Mason's sound sense and good character must have juster grounds to proceed upon than what appeared upon the face of his message, the publisher requested to be favoured with his address, in order to have a personal conference with him upon the subject; and at the same time assured his agent, that he meant not designedly to invade or to injure Mr. Mason's property: Whether his messenger began to view the object of his mission in too ludicrous a view, is unknown, but it is certain he refused to comply with this civil requisition,

The publisher, however, desirous to come to an explanation concerning this matter, procured Mr. Mason's address through another channel, and waited upon him.

At this conference he proved, first, That it was the immemorial practice of booksellers to take extracts from new publications, and that none amongst them turned this practice to more account than Mr. Mason's bookseller \*; and, secondly, that even supposing the act complained of to be an offence, it was hard to single out the present publisher to render legal compensation, who was not the first aggressor, as the book had been printed by others who pretended to no exclusive right in it, long before his edition became extant; nor had he ever previously heard of Mr. Mason's pre-

\* Mr. Becket in the year 1769 published, at the price of One or Two Shillings, a well-written and popular poem, consisting of about 300 verses, intitled "An Ode, upon dedicating a Building, and erecting a Statue, to Shakespeare: by Mr. Garrick." Mr. Doddsley without scruple applied this performance to his own use, by inserting it *intire* in the Annual Register. Has Mr. Doddsley made any compensation for this deliberate act of piracy to the proprietor? Or has Mr. Becket sought redress for the injury by a Chancery suit? Again, has Mr. Doddsley offered any compensation to Mr. Murray for the different piracies he has committed upon his books? Or do Mr. Mason and his bookseller assume an exclusive right to appropriate to their respective uses what portion they please of every new literary performance that comes abroad, while they prosecute another person with the utmost severity of the law for taking the same liberty? Mr. Doddsley takes deliberately every year 1000 verses for the use of his Annual Register with impunity; but the printing of 50 verses inadvertently by the present publisher is converted into an heinous trespass, and becomes the ground of a rigorous legal investigation.

tenfions. But in order to fhew how little reafon the author of *Elfrida* had particularly to censure him, without entering at all into the praftice of the trade on one hand, or the claim of property on the other, he defired Mr. Mafon to fpecify what fum he chofe to receive as compenfation for the offence complained of.

The publifher never admitted Mr. Mafon's *legal* right of property in thefe verfes:—but a great deal could not be exacted for *fifty lines*; and he wifhed no gentleman of refpectable character to impute a deliberate injury to him, which he was certainly very far from intending.

Mr. Mafon remained filent to his overture; and after repeating it to him as diftinctly as he could, the publifher took his leave, imagining he wanted time to confider of it.

Such is the faithful account of this little tranfaction; nor will Mr. Mafon deny its authenticity or exactnefs. The publifher was a ftranger to Mr. Gray's executor, except by reputation. He is unconfcious of having failed in the refpect due to him; and the value of Mr. Mafon's character would not have fuffered diminution, had he been equally dif-

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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posed to treat the publisher with civility and attention.

It was hardly possible after this equitable procedure, to expect to be troubled with an oppressive prosecution; from any man such conduct would have been esteemed ungenerous; from a clergyman, whose duty it is to sow peace and good-will amongst men, it wears not a more favourable aspect.

Mr. Mason, nevertheless, without further notice, filed a bill in Chancery against the publisher; and retained Mr. Thurlow, Mr. Wedderburn, and Mr. Dunning for his counsel \*.

*Fifty lines* surely cannot be an object for a man to throw a hundred pounds, or more money, after; it leads an impartial person to suspect, that Mr. Mason has a further object in view; and that, although

\* Mr. Mason sends an agent professedly to require satisfaction or compensation for an infringement of property. Without entering into the merits of this claim, he is desired to prescribe his own terms of redress. In return for this offer, he files a bill in Chancery against the supposed offender, and continues to urge his suit, merely to load the defendant with costs; for he cannot entertain the most distant idea of being awarded damages for an infringement of *50 lines of literary property*, admitting (which is by no means granted) that his claim is founded.

Let this behaviour be reconciled to honour, to morality, or (as Mr. Mason is in holy orders) to the *practice of piety!*

he

he has realized already nearly one thousand pounds from the profits of his quarto edition of Mr. Gray's poems, he is not satisfied, but desires to suppress the publisher's little volume altogether, although it has not hitherto paid the expences incurred in printing it, in order to retain the monopoly of Mr. Gray's poems intirely in his own hands.

If his behaviour can be reconciled to a better principle, the publisher will readily confess it, and wishes to discover a motive less selfish, in order to speak of it; for although he disapproves of his conduct, he disclaims all animosity towards Mr. Mason, and is sorry that the present recital does not tend more to the credit of his character.

But Mr. Mason means to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Mr. Gray \*, with the profits acquired by his book;—will this intention, disinterested as it is, if true, justify or excuse his present proceeding against a man, who, so far from offending, has offered him his own terms of compensation for an action, merely because he *complained*, though it was morally just?

\* This report is new. Perhaps it has commenced since the date of Mr. Murray's public letter to Mr. Mason. In any view, however, we confess the sacrifice of his emolument to be great.

In erecting a monument to the honour of Mr. Gray, let Mr. Mason be careful that he does not, by his behaviour, unthinkingly erect one of another kind for himself. Nor should this advice be despised, because it proceeds from a person he but little regards; truth being the same, through whatever channel it runs.

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After this detail, it remains to say something of the present edition; and this can be comprized within a very few words. It cannot be denied that it appears under some disadvantages; but there are advantages to compensate for these: The reader is left in full possession of all Mr. Gray's *valuable* and *best* poems; and some articles are added which are not to be met with in any other edition of the author's works. The plates are engraved at a considerable expence from original designs; and four NEW PLATES have been designed and engraved for *this* edition.

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A  
SHORT ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
MR. GRAY.

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MR. THOMAS GRAY, the subject  
of this memoir, was born in  
Cornhill, the twenty-sixth day of De-  
cember 1716. His grandfather had been

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a con-

a considerable merchant ; but his father, Mr. Philip Gray, exercised the trade of a money-scrivener ; and being of an indolent disposition, he did not add to his paternal fortune. He neglected not, however, the education of his son, whom he sent to Eton school ; where he contracted an intimacy with Mr. Horace Walpole, who is at present so distinguished in the republic of letters ; and with Mr. Richard West, a young gentleman of uncommon ability, whose father was Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

From Eton Mr. Gray, in the year 1734, removed to Cambridge, and was admitted a pensioner of St. Peter's College. Mr. West went to study in Christ-Church College at Oxford ; and these ingenious

genious friends now commenced an epistolary correspondence, which, though not unworthy of their years, and of the hopes conceived of them, they little imagined was, one day, to be laid before the public.

They were not long in their respective universities, when they turned their attention to the study of the law. For, with that view, they found themselves in London in the year 1738. Mr. West took chambers in the Inner Temple; but Mr. Gray being invited by Mr. Walpole to accompany him in his travels, delayed, for a time, his application to a science, which, surely, did not suit either his temper or his genius.

The improvement he received from visiting France and Italy, was doubtless very great. But the pleasure arising from his travels, was painfully interrupted by the disagreement which arose between him and Mr. Walpole. Their dispositions were different. The pensive and philosophical turn of the former, did not well agree with the gaiety and liveliness of the latter. They had set out in the end of the year 1739, and they parted at Reggio in the year 1741. Many years, however, did not pass till a reconciliation was produced between them, by the intervention and offices of a lady, who had a friendship for both.

On Mr. Gray's return to London \*,

\* September 1741.

he found his father altogether wasted with the severe attacks of the gout, to which he had long been subject. Two months after he lost him, and succeeded to a scanty patrimony. The intention he had formed, of studying the law as a profession, began now to be shaken. But his friends urging him to maintain his original purpose, and the delicacy of his nature inducing him not to give them uneasiness, by too sudden a declaration of the state of his mind, he went to Cambridge, and took his Batchelor's degree in the Civil Law. The time he had passed in his travels, the intense labour required by the study of the Common Law, and, above all, the narrowness of his fortune, estranged him from a design, which perhaps he

had never entertained with affection or ardour ; and the anxiety excited by this undecisiveness as to the scheme of life he should follow, was now embittered by the sickness of Mr. West, who had some time languished in a consumption ; and who, in June 1742, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, fell an unsuspecting victim to this distemper.

A short time before this cruel event, Mr. Gray had gone to visit his mother, in her retirement at Stoke, near Windsor, where he wrote his beautiful Ode on the Spring. And it is not impossible, but a presage of what was to happen, occasioned the interesting melancholy which reigns in it. His regrets it is easier to conceive than to describe ;

scribe; and they seem immediately to have given birth to a very tender sonnet in English, in the manner of Petrarque, and to a noble apostrophe in Latin, which he intended as the introduction to one of his books, *De principiis cogitandi* \*. It is also worthy of observation, that within three months after Mr. West's death, he appears to have composed the Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College, and the Hymn to Adversity. Nor is it to be doubted, that his sorrow for his beloved friend gave a tone to these delightful poems; and the reader of sensibility, who peruses them under this impression, will find an additional charm in them.

\* See his Memoirs by Mr. Mason.

The genius of Mr. Gray, which was averſe from the mechanifm and toil of buſineſs, joined to his paſſion for ſtudy and literature, inclined him to live at Cambridge, where he had free acceſs to many valuable libraries. From the winter of the year 1742, to the end of his life, it was the ſeat of his reſidence; and he was ſeldom abſent from it, except on occaſional viſits to his mother, and during that period \*, when, on the opening of the Britiſh Muſeum, he took lodgings in Southampton-Row, for the purpoſe of examining, and extracting from, the Harleian and other manuſcripts.

It was not till the year 1750, that

\* Between the years 1759 and 1762.

he

he put the last hand to his much-celebrated Elegy in a Country Church-yard. Mr. Walpole, who was infinitely delighted with it, communicated it in manuscript to many persons of distinction, who failed not to feel for and to bestow on the author the admiration and applause he so justly merited. In this polite and fashionable circle was Lady Cobham, who wishing much to be acquainted with Mr. Gray, procured this pleasure, by the means of her relation Miss Speed, and of Lady Schaub. The history of this incident, the circumstances of which were somewhat peculiar, he has thrown into a ballad, intitled, *A True Story*. Of this piece the humour does not appear very striking; and, though it has found admirers, the au-  
thor

thor himself refused it a place in his own edition of his poems.

The year 1753 was memorable to Mr. Gray, by the loss of his mother, whom he loved with an exemplary affection. In the year 1756, some young men, who lived in the same stair-case, and who fancied that birth and fortune gave them a title to be impertinent, disturbing him frequently and intentionally with their insults and riots, he found it necessary to remove from Peter-house, and went to Pembroke-hall. In the year 1768, by the unsolicited influence of the Duke of Grafton, he was nominated King's Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, a place of 400 l. a year,

It

It appears, that in the early part of his life, he had entertained the desire of publishing an edition of Strabo; and, among his papers, there were many geographical disquisitions, which had been made with that intention. He also left many explanatory and critical observations on the writings of Plato; and he had bestowed uncommon labour on the *Anthologia*. A project worthy of him, and more interesting than any of those, was, A History of English Poetry, on which he had long meditated, but thought proper to abandon, when he was informed that Mr. Warton, of Trinity College, Oxford, was engaged in a similar pursuit.

Among the branches of knowledge  
in

in which he excelled, it would be improper not to mention Architecture; and his skill in Heraldry was exact and extensive. But what was most peculiarly to his taste, and engaged his attention the most constantly, was Natural History. He left many notes on Linæus, and on Hudson's *Flora Anglica*; and while employed on Zoology, he studied Aristotle on that subject, and explained many of the obscure passages of that distinguished Antient. Music he knew most exquisitely; and, while abroad, he had acquired a skill in Painting. In a word, if Mathematics are excepted, there was not a part of human learning which he had not cultivated with success.

A pro-

A propensity to melancholy, the constant attendant of genius, was observable in Mr. Gray, from his earliest years; and an hereditary gout served to encourage it. About the end of May 1771, he made a visit to London; but being oppressed with feverishness, and dejection of mind, he was advised to leave his lodgings in Jermyn-Street for Kenfington; where a freer air so far operated to his recovery, as to enable him to return to Cambridge. On the 24th of July, however, a sudden sickness, while at dinner, made him retire to his chamber, from the College hall. His malady, which was found to be the gout in his stomach, continued to increase, and baffled all the art of medicine. On the 29th, a strong convulsion-  
fit

fit seized him ; it returned with additional violence on the 30th ; and the evening after, this ingenious poet, and cultivated scholar, ceased to adorn England and human nature.

THE

T H E  
LAST WILL and TESTAMENT  
O F  
MR. THOMAS GRAY.

EXTRACTED FROM  
The REGISTRY of the PREROGATIVE  
COURT of CANTERBURY.

---

**I**N the Name of God. *Amen.* I  
THOMAS GRAY, of Pembroke-hall,  
in the university of Cambridge, being of  
sound mind and in good health of body,  
yet ignorant how long these blessings  
may be indulged me, Do make this my  
last will and testament in manner and  
form

form following: First, I do desire that my body may be deposited in the vault made by my late dear mother in the church - yard of Stoke - Pogeis, near Slough, in Buckinghamshire, near her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined or covered, and (unless it be very inconvenient) I could wish that one of my Executors may see me laid in the grave, and distribute among such honest and industrious poor persons in the said parish as he thinks fit, the sum of ten pounds in charity. Next I give to George Williamson, Esq; my second cousin by the father's side, now of Calcutta in Bengal, the sum of five hundred pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities, now standing in my name. I give to Anna Lady Goring, also my second cousin by the father's side, of the county of Sussex, five hundred pounds Reduced Bank Annuities, and a pair of large blue and  
I white

white old Japan china jars. *Item*, I give to Mary Antrobus, of Cambridge, spinster, my second cousin by the mother's side, all that my freehold estate and house in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, London, now let at the yearly rent of sixty-five pounds, and in the occupation of Mr. Nortgeth, perfumer, provided that she pay out of the said rent, by half-yearly payments, Mrs. Jane Olliffe, my aunt, of Cambridge, widow, the sum of Twenty pounds per ann. during her natural life; and after the decease of the said Jane Olliffe, I give the said estate to the said Mary Antrobus, To Have and To Hold, to her, her heirs and assigns for ever. Further I bequeath to the said Mary Antrobus the sum of six hundred pounds, New South-Sea Annuities, now standing in the joint names of Jane Olliffe and Thomas Gray, but charged with the payment of five

C

pounds

pounds per ann. to Graves Stokeley, of Stoke-Pogeis, in the county of Bucks; which sum of six hundred pounds, after the decease of the said annuitant, does (by the will of Anne Rogers, my late aunt) belong solely and entirely to me; together with all overplus of interest in the mean time accruing. Further, if at the time of my decease there shall be any arrear of salary due to me from his Majesty's treasury, I give all such arrears to the said Mary Antrobus. *Item*, I give to Mrs. Dorothy Comyns, of Cambridge, my other second cousin by the mother's side, the sums of six hundred pounds, Old South-Sea Annuities; of three hundred pounds, Four per Cent. Bank Annuities Consolidated; and of two hundred pounds Three per Cent. Bank Annuities Consolidated; all now standing in my name. I give to Richard Stonehewer, Esq; one of his Majesty's

Majesty's Commissioners of Excise, the sum of five hundred pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities; and I beg his acceptance of one of my diamond rings. I give to Dr. Thomas Wharton, of Old Park, in the bishopric of Durham, five hundred pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities; and desire him also to accept of one of my diamond rings. I give to my servant, Stephen Hempstead, the sum of fifty pounds, Reduced Bank Annuities; and if he continues in my service to the time of my death, I also give him all my wearing apparel and linen. I give to my two cousins above mentioned, Mary Antrobus and Dorothy Comyns, all my plate, watches, rings, china ware, bed linen, and table linen, and the furniture of my chambers at Cambridge, not otherwise bequeathed, to be equally and amicably shared between them. I give to the Reverend

William Mafon, Precentor of York, all my books, manuscripts, coins, mufic, printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preferve or deftroy at his own difcretion : And after my juft debts and the expences of my funeral are difcharged, all the refidue of my perfonal eftate whatfoever I do hereby give and bequeath to the faid Reverend William Mafon and to the Reverend Mr. James Browne, Prefident of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, to be equally divided between them ; defiring them to apply the fum of two hundred pounds to an ufe of charity, concerning which I have already informed them : and I do hereby conftitute and appoint them, the faid William Mafon and James Browne, to be joint executors of this my laft will and teftament. And if any relation of mine, or other legatee, fhall go about to moleft, or commence any fuit againft, my faid

executors in the execution of their office, I do, as far as the law will permit me, hereby revoke and make void all such bequests or legacies as I had given to that person or persons, and give it to be divided between my said executors and residuary legatees, whose integrity and kindness I have so long experienced, and who can best judge of my true intention and meaning. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this second day of July, 1770.

THOMAS GRAY.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Thomas Gray, the testator, as, and for, his last will and testament, in the presence of us; who in his presence, and at his request, and in the presence of each other,

have signed our names as witnesses hereto,

RICHARD BAKER,  
THOMAS WILSON,  
JOSEPH TURNER.

Proved at London the twelfth of August, 1771, before the Worshipful Andrew Coltre Ducarel, Doctor of Laws, and Surrogate, by the oaths of the Reverend William Mason, Clerk, Master of Arts, and the Reverend James Browne, Clerk, Master of Arts, the executors; to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer.

JOHN STEVENS,	} Deputy Registers.
HENRY STEVENS,	
GEO. GOSTLING, jun.	

T H E

T H E  
T E A R S   O F   G É N I U S .

A N        O D E .

T O   T H E  
M E M O R Y   O F   M R .   G R A Y .

( B Y   J .   T ——— . )

---

**O**N Cham's fair banks, where Learning's hal-  
low'd fane

Majestic rises on th' astonish'd sight,

Where oft the muse has led the favourite swain,

And warm'd his soul with Heaven's inspiring  
light,

Beneath the covert of the sylvan shade,

Where deadly cypress, mix'd with mournful yew,

Far o'er the vale a gloomy stillness spread,

Celestial Genius burst upon the view,

The bloom of youth, the majesty of years,  
 The soften'd aspect, innocent and kind,  
 The sigh of sorrow, and the streaming tears,  
 Resistless all, their various pow'r combin'd.

In her fair hand a silver harp she bore,  
 Whose magic notes, soft-warbling from the string,  
 Give tranquil joy the breast ne'er knew before,  
 Or raise the soul on rapture's airy wing.  
 By grief impell'd, I heard her heave a sigh,  
 While thus the rapid strain resounded thro' the sky:

Haste, ye sister powers of song,  
 Hasten from the shady grove,  
 Where the river rolls along,  
 Sweetly to the voice of love.

Where, indulging mirthful pleasures,  
 Light you press the flow'ry green,  
 And from Flora's blooming treasures  
 Cull the wreaths for fancy's queen:

Where your gently-flowing numbers,  
 Floating on the fragrant breeze,  
 Sink the soul in pleasing slumbers,  
 On the downy bed of ease.

For graver strains prepare the plaintive lyre,  
That wakes the softest feelings of the soul;  
Let lonely grief the melting verse inspire,  
Let deep'ning sorrow's solemn accents roll.

Rack'd by the hand of rude disease  
Behold our fav'rite poet lies!  
While every object form'd to please,  
Far from his couch ungrateful flies.

The blissful muse, whose favouring smile  
So lately warm'd his peaceful breast,  
Diffusing heavenly joys the while,  
In transport's radiant garments drest,  
With darksome grandeur and enfeebld blaze,  
Sinks in the shades of night, and shuns his eager  
gaze.

The gaudy train, who wait on SPRING \*,  
Ting'd with the pomp of vernal pride,  
The youth who mount on pleasure's wing †,  
And idly sports on Thames's side,  
With cool regard their various arts employ,  
Nor rouse the drooping mind, nor give the pause  
of joy.

\* Ode on SPRING.

† Ode on the Prospect of ETON COLLEGE.

Ha! what forms, with port sublime \*,  
Glide along in fullen mood,  
Scorning all the threats of time,  
High above misfortune's flood?

They seize their harps, they strike the lyre,  
With rapid hand, with freedom's fire.  
Obedient nature hears the lofty sound,  
And Snowdon's airy cliffs the heavenly strains re-  
found.

In pomp of state, behold they wait,  
With arms outstretch'd, and aspects kind,  
To snatch on high to yonder sky,  
The child of fancy left behind:  
Forgot the woes of Cambria's fatal day,  
By rapture's blaze impell'd, they swell the artless  
lay.

But ah in vain they strive to sooth,  
With gentle arts, the tort'ring hours;  
ADVERSITY †, with rankling tooth,  
Her baleful gifts profusely pours.

Behold she comes, the fiend forlorn,  
Array'd in horror's settled gloom;

\* BARD, an Ode.

† Hymn to ADVERSITY.

She strews the briar and prickly thorn,  
 And triumphs in th' infernal doom.

With frantic fury and insatiate rage,  
 She knaws the throbbing breast, and blasts the  
 glowing page.

No more the soft EOLIAN flute \*  
 Breathes thro' the heart the melting strain;  
 The powers of Harmony are mute,  
 And leave the once-delightful plain;

With heavy wing I see them beat the air,  
 Damp'd by the leaden hand of comfortless despair.

Yet stay, O! stay, celestial pow'rs,  
 And with a hand of kind regard,  
 Dispel the boist'rous storm that lours  
 Destructive on the fav'rite bard;

O watch with me his last expiring breath,  
 And snatch him from the arms of dark, oblivious  
 death.

Hark the FATAL SISTERS † join,  
 And with horror's mutt'ring sounds,  
 Weave the tissue of his line,  
 While the dreadful spell resounds.

\* The PROGRESS OF POETRY.\*

† The FATAL SISTERS, an Ode.

“ Hail, ye midnight sisters, hail,  
 “ Drive the shuttle swift along ;  
 “ Let our secret charms prevail  
 “ O’er the valiant and the strong.

“ O’er the glory of the land,  
 “ O’er the innocent and gay,  
 “ O’er the muses’ tuneful band,  
 “ Weave the fun’ral web of Gray.”

’Tis done, ’tis done—the iron hand of pain,  
 With ruthless fury and corrosive force,  
 Racks every joint, and seizes every vein :  
 He sinks, he groans, he falls a lifeless corse.

Thus fades the flow’r nip’d by the frozen gale,  
 Tho’ once so sweet, so lovely to the eye :  
 Thus the tall oaks, when boist’rous storms assail,  
 Torn from the earth, a mighty ruin lye.

Ye sacred sisters of the plaintive verse,  
 Now let the stream of fond affection flow ;  
 O pay your tribute o’er the flow-drawn herse,  
 With all the manly dignity of woe.

Oft when the Curfew tolls its parting knell,  
 With solemn pause yon CHURCH-YARD’S  
 gloom survey ;

While

While sorrow's sighs, and tears of pity tell,  
How just the moral of the poet's lay \*.

O'er his green grave, in contemplation's guise,  
Oft let the pilgrim drop a silent tear ;  
Oft let the shepherd's tender accents rise,  
Big with the sweets of each revolving year ;  
Till prostrate time adore his deathless name,  
Fix'd on the solid base of adamantine fame.

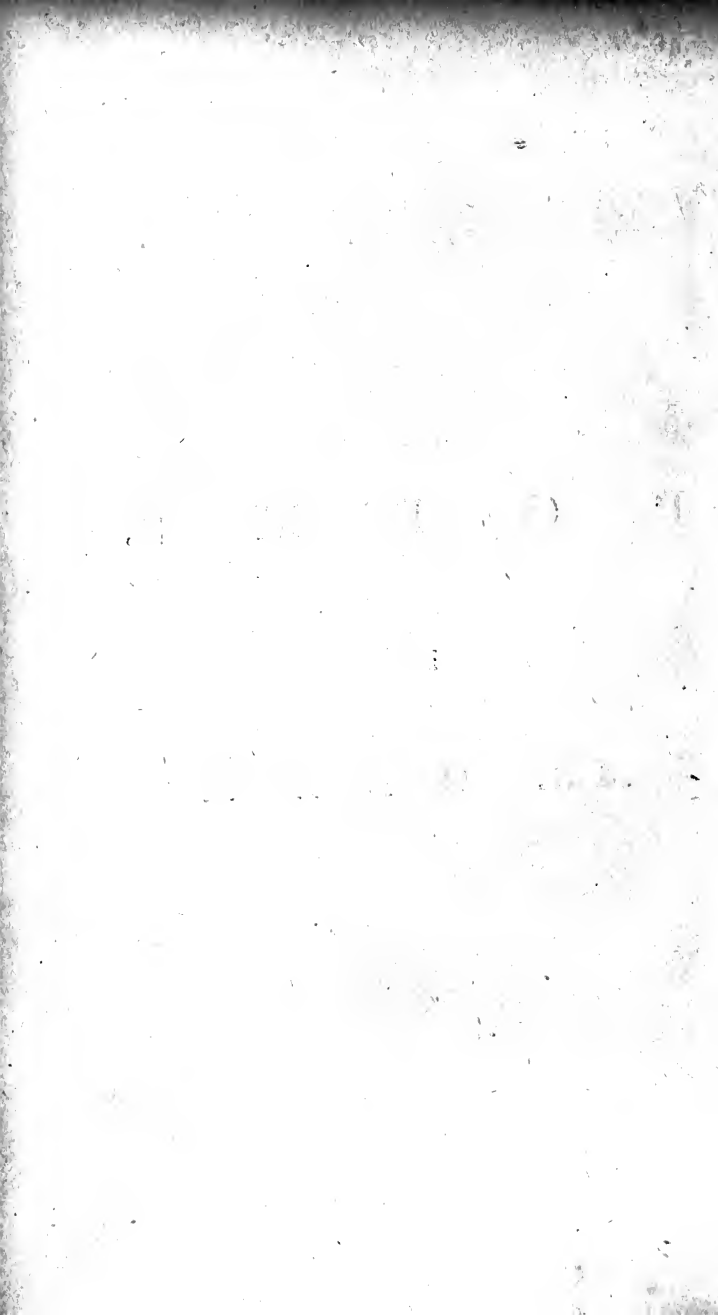
\* Elegy in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

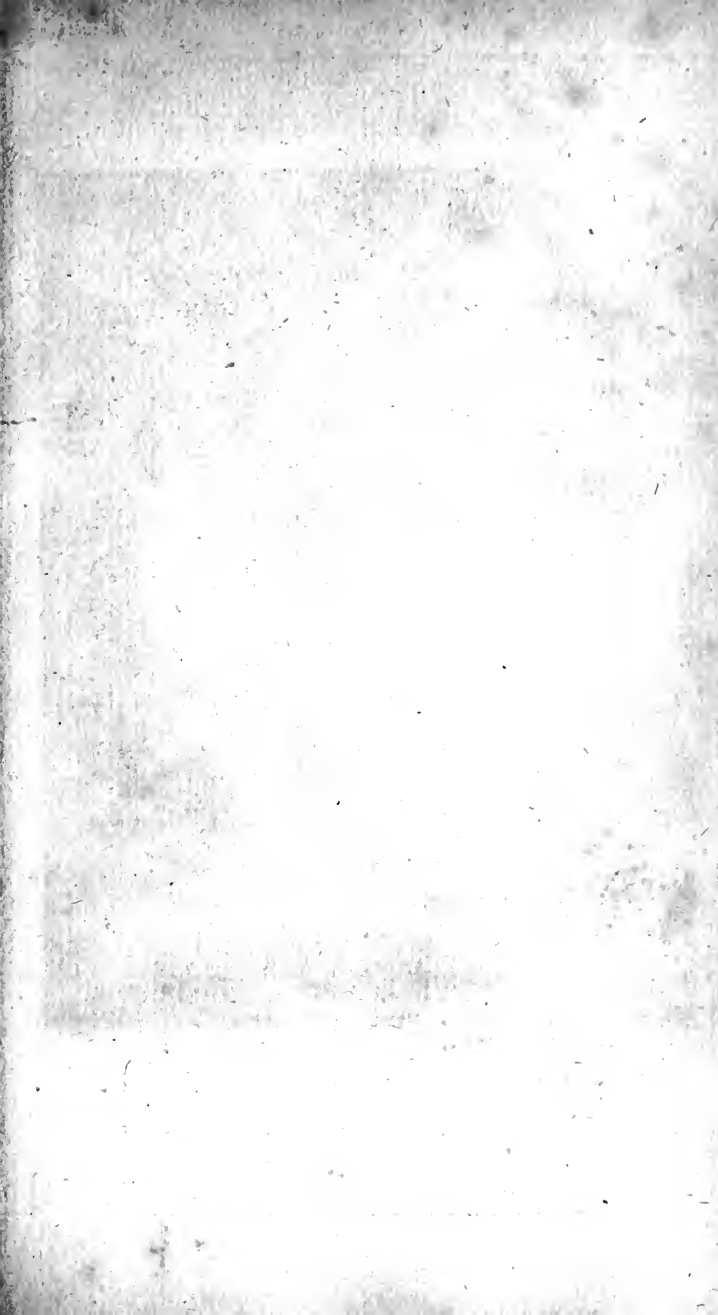


P O E M S.

B Y

M R. G R A Y.





# ODE ON SPRING.



Hamilton del.

Sharp sc.

*Beside some waters' rushy brink  
With me the Muse shall sit, & think,  
(At Ease reclined in rustic state.)  
How vain the ardour of the croud,  
How low, how little are the proud,  
How indigent the Great !*

London: 1 Jan<sup>y</sup> 1780. Published as the Act directs, by J. Murray, N<sup>o</sup> 32 Fleet Street.

O D E  
ON THE  
S P R I N G

---

**L**O! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,  
Fair VENUS' train, appear,  
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,  
And wake the purple year!  
The Attic warbler pours her throat,  
Responsive to the cuckow's note,  
The untaught harmony of spring:  
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,  
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky  
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

D

Where-

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
A broader browner shade;  
Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
O'er-canopies the glade;  
Beside some water's rushy brink  
With me the Muse shall sit, and think,  
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state),  
How vain the ardour of the crowd,  
How low, how little are the proud,  
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;  
The panting herds repose:  
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air  
The busy murmur glows!  
The insect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honied spring,

And

And float amid the liquid noon :  
Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
Some shew their gayly-gilded trim  
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
Such is the race of man :  
And they that creep, and they that fly,  
Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay  
But flutter thro' life's little day,  
In Fortune's varying colours drest :  
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,  
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance  
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,  
The sportive kind reply ;  
Poor Moralist ! and what art thou ?  
A solitary fly !

Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,  
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
No painted plumage to display :  
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;  
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—  
We frolic while 'tis May.

O D E

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

D 3



# O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

## F A V O U R I T E C A T.

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

---

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dy'd  
The azure flowers, that blow ;  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima reclin'd,  
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws ;

Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,  
She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The Genii of the stream :  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,  
Thro' richest purple to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :  
A whisker first, and then a claw,  
With many an ardent wish,  
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.  
What female heart can gold despise ?  
What cat's averse to fish ?

Prefump-

Prefumptuous maid ! with looks intent

Again she stretch'd, again she bent,

Nor knew the gulph between :

(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)

The flipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,

She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood

She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,

Some speedy aid to send.

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd.

Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,

A fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,

Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,

And be with caution bold.

Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;  
Nor all that glisters, gold.

O D E

O D E

O N A

D I S T A N T P R O S P E C T

O F

E T O N C O L L E G E.

\* Ἀνθρωπῷ ἰκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν.

MENANDER.

O. D. I.

A. C. A.

THE FIRST THROSTLE

...

FROM GOLDEN HILL

By the Author of "The First Throistle"

O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

E T O N C O L L E G E.

---

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her HENRY's holy shade;  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way.

Ah

56 ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!

Ah fields below'd in vain!

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain!

I feel, the gales that from ye blow,

A momentary bliss bestow,

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,

My weary soul they seem to sooth,

And, redolent of joy and youth,

To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen

Full many a sprightly race

Disporting on thy margent green

The paths of pleasure trace;

Who foremost now delight to cleave,

With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?

The captive linnet, which enthal?

What idle progeny succeed

To chase the rolling circle's speed,

Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent

Their murm'ring labours ply

'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint

To sweeten liberty:

Some bold adventurers disdain

The limits of their little reign,

And unknown regions dare descry:

Still as they run they look behind,

They hear a voice in every wind,

And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,

Less pleasing when possess'd;

The tear forgot as soon as shed,

The sunshine of the breast:

58 ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT

Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,  
 Wild wit, Invention ever-new,  
 And lively Cheer of Vigour born;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play!  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 Nor care beyond to-day:  
 Yet see, how all around 'em wait  
 The ministers of human fate,  
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!  
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
 To seize their prey, the murderous band!  
 Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,

Disdainful

Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
 And Shame that skulks behind;  
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart;  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,  
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning Infamy.  
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,  
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;  
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,  
 And moody Madness laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

E

Lo,

Lo, in the Vale of Years beneath,  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen :  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every labouring finew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :  
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And flow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,  
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;  
 The tender for another's pain ;  
 Th' unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate !  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,

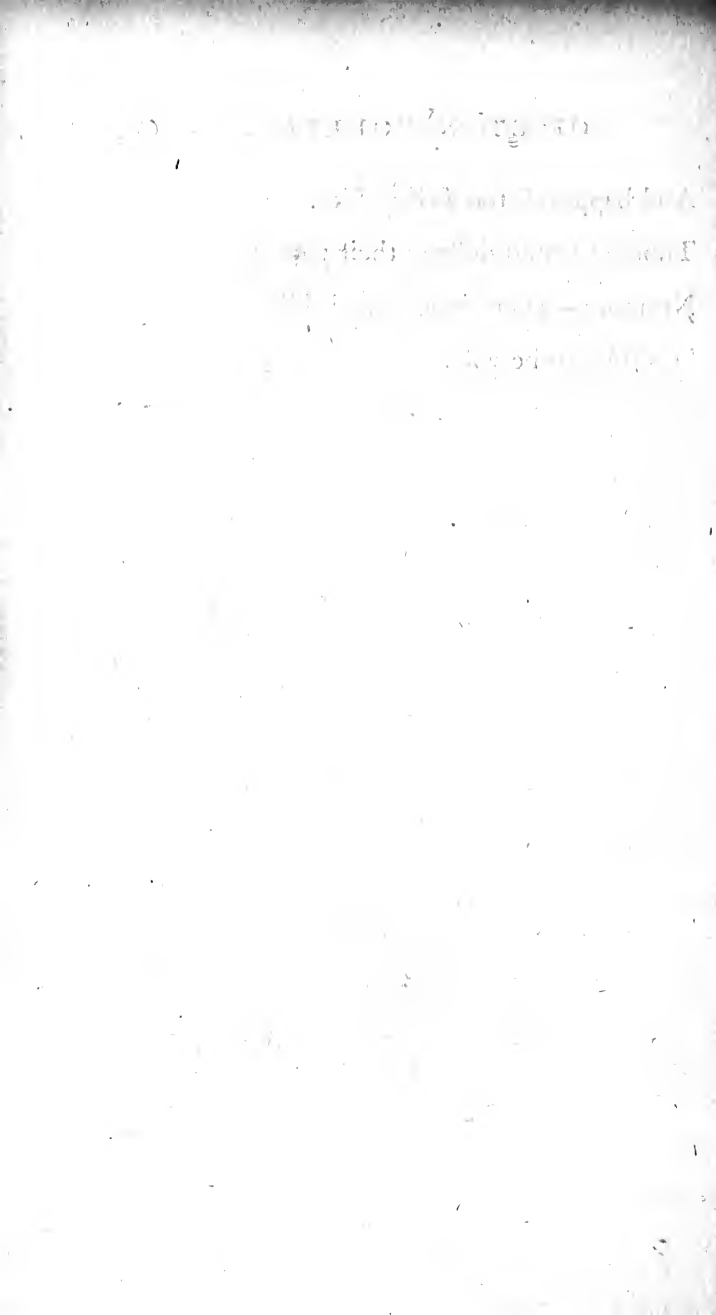
And

And happiness too swiftly flies.

Thought would destroy their paradise.

No more—where ignorance is bliss,

'Tis folly to be wise.



A

# LONG STORY.

E 3

MR. GRAY's Elegy in the Country Church-Yard, before it appear'd in print, was handed about in manuscript ; and amongst other eminent personages who saw and admired it, was the Lady Cobham, who resided at the Mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis. The performance induced her to wish for the author's acquaintance ; and Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to effect it. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary mansion, where he at that time resided ; and not finding him at home, they left their names. Mr. Gray, surpris'd at such a compliment, returned the visit. And as the beginning of this acquaintance wore a little of the face of romance, he soon after gave a fanciful and pleasant account of it in the following copy of verses, which he entitled *A LONG STORY*.

ALTHOUGH this performance certainly possesses great humour, yet it is not immediately perceived ; and has not been *universally* relished. The author perceived this himself, and owned it candidly.—“ The verses,” he writes to Dr. Wharton, “ you so kindly try to keep in countenance, were written merely to divert Lady Cobham and her family, and succeeded accordingly ; but being shewed about in town, are not liked at all.” This last consideration induced Mr. Gray to reject them in the Collection which he himself made of his poems.

MR. GRAY's Executor having thought fit to restore them, they are retained here.

A  
L O N G S T O R Y.

---

**I**N Britain's isle, no matter where,  
An ancient pile of building stands :  
The Huntingdons and Hattons there  
Employ'd the power of Fairy hands.

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,  
Each pannel in achievements clothing,  
Rich windows that exclude the light,  
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave Lord-Keeper led the Brawls :  
The Seals and Maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,  
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,  
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,  
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning !  
Shame of the versifying tribe !  
Your Hist'ry whither are you spinning ?  
Can you do nothing but describe ?

A House there is, (and that's enough)  
From whence one fatal morning issues  
A brace of warriors, not in buff,  
But rustling in their silks and tiffues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France  
Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,  
Whom meaner beauties eye alkance,  
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heaven  
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:  
But Cobham had the polish given,  
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—  
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her.  
Melissa is her *Nom de Guerre*.  
Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchin,  
And aprons long they hid their armour,  
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen  
In pity to the country-farmer.

Fame

Fame in the shape of Mr. P—tt  
(By this time all the parish know it)  
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd  
A wicked Imp they call a Poet ;

Who prowl'd the country far and near,  
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,  
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,  
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,  
Swore by her coronet and ermine,  
She'd issue out her high commission  
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task,  
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,  
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,  
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The

The trembling family they daunt,  
They flirt, they fing, they laugh, they tattle,  
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,  
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,  
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,  
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,  
And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the Drawers and China pry,  
Papers and books, a huge Imbroglío!  
Under a tea-cup he might lie,  
Or creased, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops  
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,  
Convey'd him underneath their hoops  
To a small closet in the garden.

So

So Rumour says: (Who will, believe.)  
But that they left the door a-jar,  
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,  
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew,  
The power of magic was no fable;  
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,  
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle  
The poet felt a strange disorder:  
Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,  
And chains invifible the border.

So cunning was the Apparatus,  
The powerful pothooks did fo move him,  
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-house  
He went, as if the devil drove him.

Yet

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,  
For folks in fear are apt to pray)  
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,  
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel,  
But with a blush on recollection  
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel  
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was fat, the Culprit there,  
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping  
The Lady *Janes* and *Joans* repair,  
And from the gallery stand peeping :

Such as in silence of the night  
Come (sweep) along some winding entry  
(*Styack* has often seen the fight)  
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry ;

In

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,  
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,  
High Dames of honour once, that garnish'd  
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary!

The Peerefs comes. The Audience stare,  
And doff their hats with due submission:  
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,  
To all the People of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib,  
Had in imagination fenc'd him,  
Disprov'd the arguments of *Squib*,  
And all that *Groom* could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,  
When he the solemn hall had seen;  
A sudden fit of ague shook him,  
He stood as mute as poor *Maclean*.

Yet

Yet something he was heard to mutter,

‘ How in the Park beneath an old tree,

‘ (Without design to hurt the butter,

‘ Or any malice to the poultry,)

‘ He once or twice had penn’d a sonnet ;

‘ Yet hop’d that he might save his bacon :

‘ Numbers would give their oaths upon it,

‘ He ne’er was for a conj’rer taken.’

The ghostly prudes with haggard face

Already had condemn’d the sinner.

My Lady rose, and with a grace—

She smil’d, and bid him come to dinner.

‘ Jesu-Maria ! Madam Bridget,

‘ Why what can the Viscountess mean ?’

(Cried the square Hoods in woeful fidget)

‘ The times are alter’d quite and clean !

‘ Decorum’s

- ‘ Decorum’s turn’d to mere civility ;
- ‘ Her air and all her manners shew it.
- ‘ Commend me to her affability !
- ‘ Speak to a Commoner and Poet !’

*[Here 500 Stanzas are lost.]*

And so God save our noble King,  
And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,  
That to eternity would sing,  
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.

O D E

O D E

T O

A D V E R S I T Y.

———— Ζῆνα

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτῆς ὁδῶ-  
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὰν

Θέλω κυρίως ἔχειν.

*ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnone.*

F

O D E



O D E

T O

A D V E R S I T Y.

---

**D**AUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,  
Thou tamer of the human breast,  
Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,  
The bad affright, afflict the best!  
Bound in thy adamantine chain,  
The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
And purple tyrants vainly groan  
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

F 2

When

When first thy Sire to fend on earth  
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,  
And bade to form her infant mind.  
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore  
With patience many a year she bore:  
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others  
    woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly  
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
And leave us leisure to be good.  
Light they disperse; and with them go  
The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;  
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,  
To her they vow their truth, and are again  
    believ'd.

Wisdom

Wisdom in fable garb array'd,  
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,  
And Melancholy, silent maid  
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,  
Still on thy solemn steps attend :  
Warm Charity, the general friend,  
With Justice to herself severe,  
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !  
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
Nor circled with the vengeful band  
(As by the impious thou art seen)  
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,  
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,  
Thy milder influence impart,  
Thy philosophic train be there  
To soften, not to wound my heart.  
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,  
Teach me to love, and to forgive,  
Exact my own defects to scan,  
What others are to feel ; and know myself a  
man.

T H E

THE  
PROGRESS OF POESY.

A  
PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶνλα συνέλοισιν' ἔς  
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων  
Χατίζει. —

PINDAR, Olymphi. II.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

When the author first published this and the following ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.



# THE PROGRESS OF POESY.



W. Hamilton delin.

J. K. Sherwin sculp.

*O Awake, Cithian Lyre Awake!  
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.*

London:† Nov<sup>r</sup> 1783, Published for J. MURRAY, N<sup>o</sup> 32 Fleet Street

THE  
PROGRESS OF POESY.  
A PINDARIC ODE.

---

I. 1.

**A**WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,  
And give to rapture all thy trembling  
strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :  
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

Thro'

Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :  
 Now rolling down the steep amain,  
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :  
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the  
                   roar.

## II. 2.

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing foul,  
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
 Enchanting shell ! the fullen Cares,  
 And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul.  
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
 And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.  
 Perching on the sceptred hand  
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :  
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
 The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

## I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,  
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.  
O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
The rosy-crowned loves are seen  
On Cytherea's day  
With antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet:  
To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach  
declare:  
Where-e'er she turns the Graces homage pay.  
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,  
In gliding state she wins her easy way:

O'er

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move  
 The bloom of young desire, and purple light  
 of Love.

## II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!  
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!  
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?  
 Night, and all her sickly dews,  
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky:  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring  
 shafts of war.

## II. 2.

## II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,  
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains  
    roam,  
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,  
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.  
And oft beneath the od'rous shade  
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat  
In loose numbers wildly sweet  
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.  
Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,  
Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,  
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy  
    flame.

## II. 3.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
Isles, that crown th' Egean deep,

Fields,

Fields, that cool Iliffus laves,  
 Or where Mæander's amber waves  
 In lingering lab'rinth creep,  
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breath'd around;  
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain  
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-en-  
 circled coast.

## III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,  
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
To him the mighty mother did unveil  
Her awful face: the dauntless child  
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.  
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear  
Richly paint the vernal year:  
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!  
This can unlock the gates of Joy;  
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

## III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.  
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:

The

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
 Where angels tremble, while they gaze,  
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,  
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.  
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,  
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
 Two courfers of ethereal race,  
 With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-  
 resounding pace.

## III. 3.

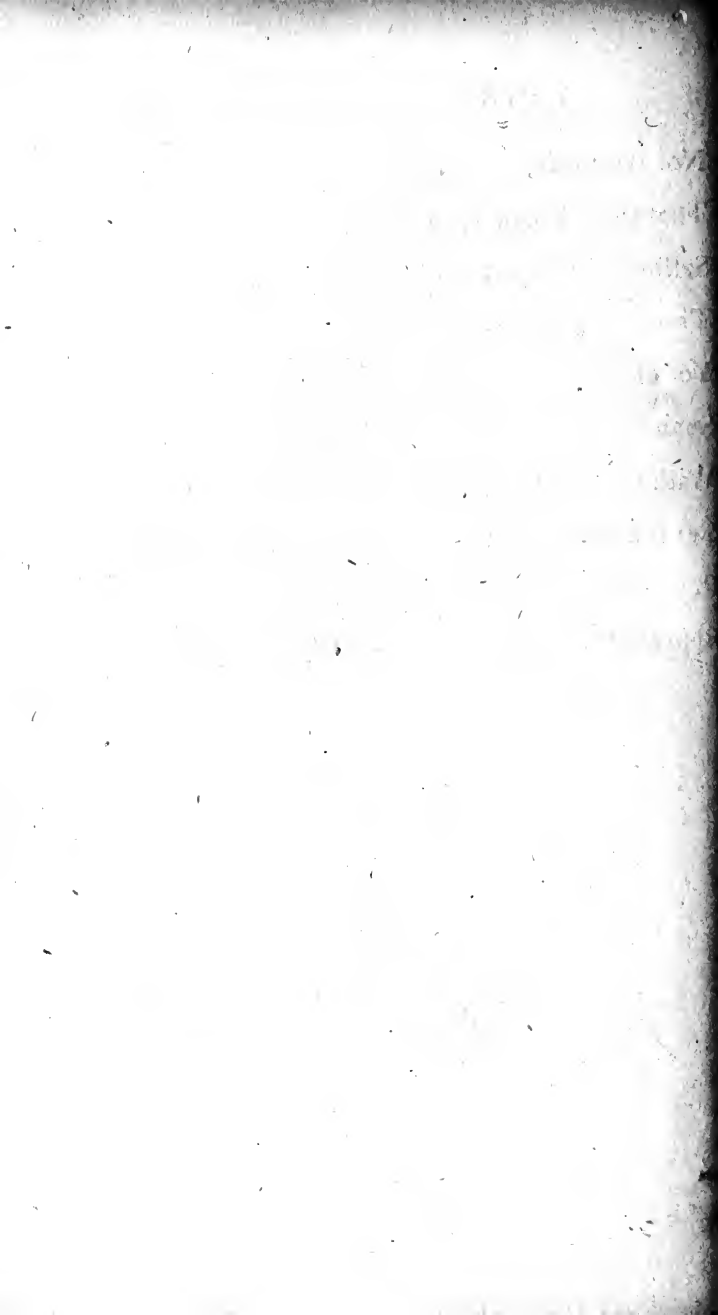
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
 Bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,  
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn  
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
 But ah! 'tis heard no more——  
 Oh! Lyre divine, what daring spirit  
 Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit

Nor

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban Eagle bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Thro' the azure deep of air :  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,  
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :  
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the  
Great.

G

THE



THE  
B A R D.

A  
P I N D A R I C O D E.

G 2

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.



# THE BARD.



Published 22 August 1776.

W. J. G. sculp.

*And with a Master's Hand, and Prophet's Fire,  
Struck the deep Sorrows of his Lyre! —*

THE  
B A R D.

A PINDARIC ODE.

---

I. 1.

- ‘ **R**UIN seize thee, ruthless King.  
‘ Confusion on thy banners wait;  
‘ Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,  
‘ They mock the air with idle state!  
‘ Helm, nor Hauberk’s twisted mail,  
‘ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail

‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’  
Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride  
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,  
As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side  
He wound with toilsome march his long array.  
Stout Glo’ster stood aghast in speechless trance!  
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch’d his  
    quiv’ring lance.

## I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,  
Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;  
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
Stream’d, like a meteor, to the troubled air;)  
And with a master’s hand, and prophet’s fire,  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

‘ Hark,

- ‘ Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,  
‘ Sigh to the torrent’s awful voice beneath!  
‘ O’er thee, oh King! their hundred arms  
    ‘ they wave,  
‘ Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;  
‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day,  
‘ To high-born Hoel’s harp, or soft Llewel-  
    ‘ lyn’s lay.

## I. 3.

- ‘ Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,  
‘ That hush’d the stormy main:  
‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:  
‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
‘ Modred, whose magic song  
‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top’d  
    ‘ head.

‘ On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,  
‘ Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale :  
‘ Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens fail ;  
‘ The famish’d eagle screams, and passes by.  
‘ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
‘ Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
‘ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
‘ Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries—  
‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep.  
‘ On yonder cliffs, a grieved band,  
‘ I see them sit, they linger yet,  
‘ Avengers of their native land :  
‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
‘ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of  
‘ thy line.’

## II. 1.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
“ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.

“ Give

- “ Give ample room, and verge enough  
“ The characters of hell to trace.  
“ Mark the year, and mark the night,  
“ When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
“ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs  
    “ that ring,  
“ Shrieks of an agonizing King!  
“ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,  
“ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
“ From thee be born, who o’er thy country  
    “ hangs  
“ The scourge of Heav’n. What terrors  
    “ round him wait!  
“ Amazement in his van, with flight combin’d,  
“ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude  
    “ behind.

## II. 2.

- “ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,  
“ Low on his funeral couch he lies!

“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford

“ A tear to grace his obsequies.

“ Is the fable warrior fled ?

“ Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

“ The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were  
“ born ?

“ Gone to salute the rising Morn. [blows,

“ Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr

“ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm

“ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;

“ Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm ;

“ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind’s sway,

“ That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his

“ evening-prey.

## II. 3.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,

“ The rich repast prepare,

“ Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast ;

“ Close by the regal chair

“ Fell

- “ Fell thirst and famine scowl  
“ A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
“ Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
“ Lance to lance, and horse to horse?  
“ Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,  
“ And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their  
“ way.  
“ Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,  
“ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
“ Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,  
“ And spare the meek usurper's holy head.  
“ Above, below, the rose of snow,  
“ Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread!  
“ The bristled boar in infant gore  
“ Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
“ Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed  
“ loom  
“ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify  
“ his doom.

## III. 1.

- “ Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
“ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)  
“ Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
“ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”  
‘ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,  
‘ Leave me unblest’d, unpity’d, here to mourn:  
‘ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,  
‘ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
‘ But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s  
    ‘ height  
‘ Descending flow their glitt’ring skirts unroll?  
‘ Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,  
‘ Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!  
‘ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.  
‘ All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s issue,  
    ‘ hail!

## III. 2.

‘ Girt with many a Baron bold  
‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;  
‘ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old  
‘ In bearded majesty, appear.  
‘ In the midst a form divine !  
‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;  
‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,  
‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.  
‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air !  
‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play !  
‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin, hear ;  
‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,  
‘ Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour’d wings.

III.

## III. 3.

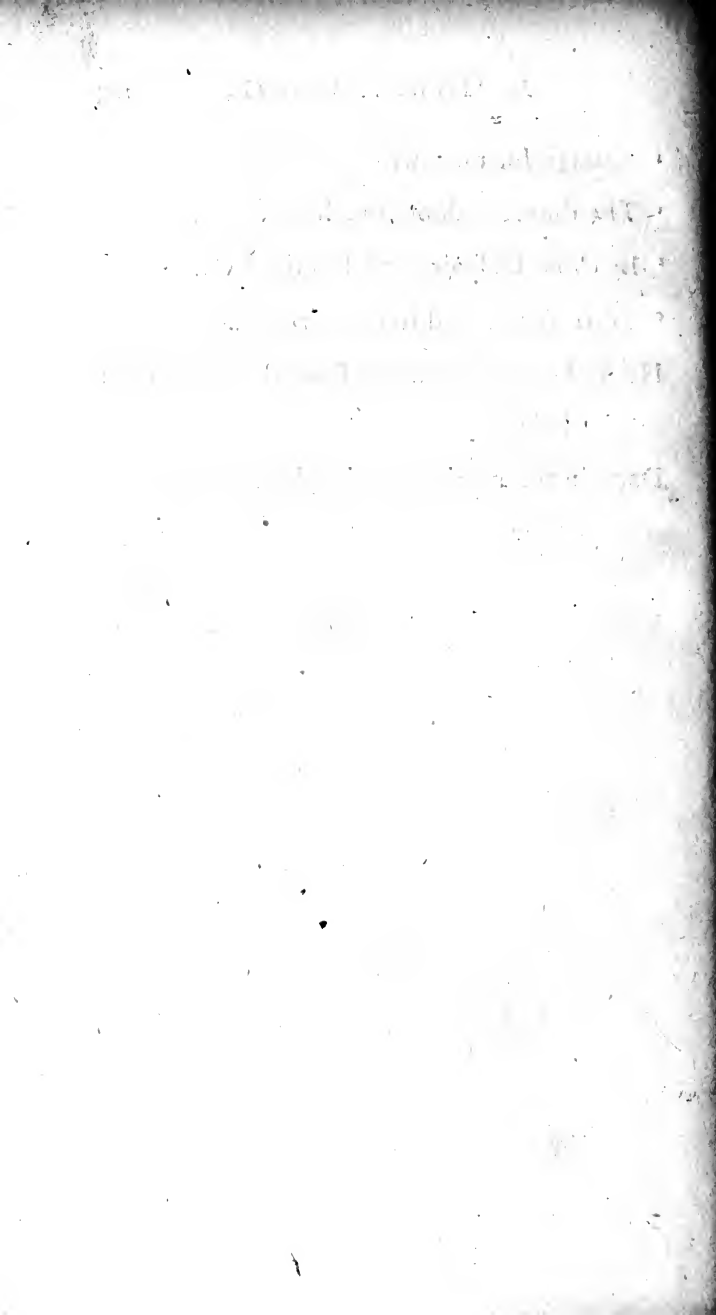
- ‘ The verse adorn again  
‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,  
‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress’d.  
‘ In buskin’d measures move  
‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing pain,  
‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.  
‘ A voice, as of the cherub-choir,  
‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear;  
‘ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
‘ That lost in long futurity expire.  
‘ Fond impious man, thinkst thou yon fan-  
‘ guine cloud,  
‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the orb  
‘ of day?  
‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.  
‘ Enough

- ‘ Enough for me : with joy I see
- ‘ The different doom our fates assign.
- ‘ Be thine Despair, and scepter’d Care ;
- ‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain’s  
height,

Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless  
night.

T H E



THE  
FATAL SISTERS.  
AN ODE.

(From the NORSE TONGUE.)

To be found in the ORCADES of THERMODUS  
TORFÆUS; HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio; and  
also in BARTHOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

H

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

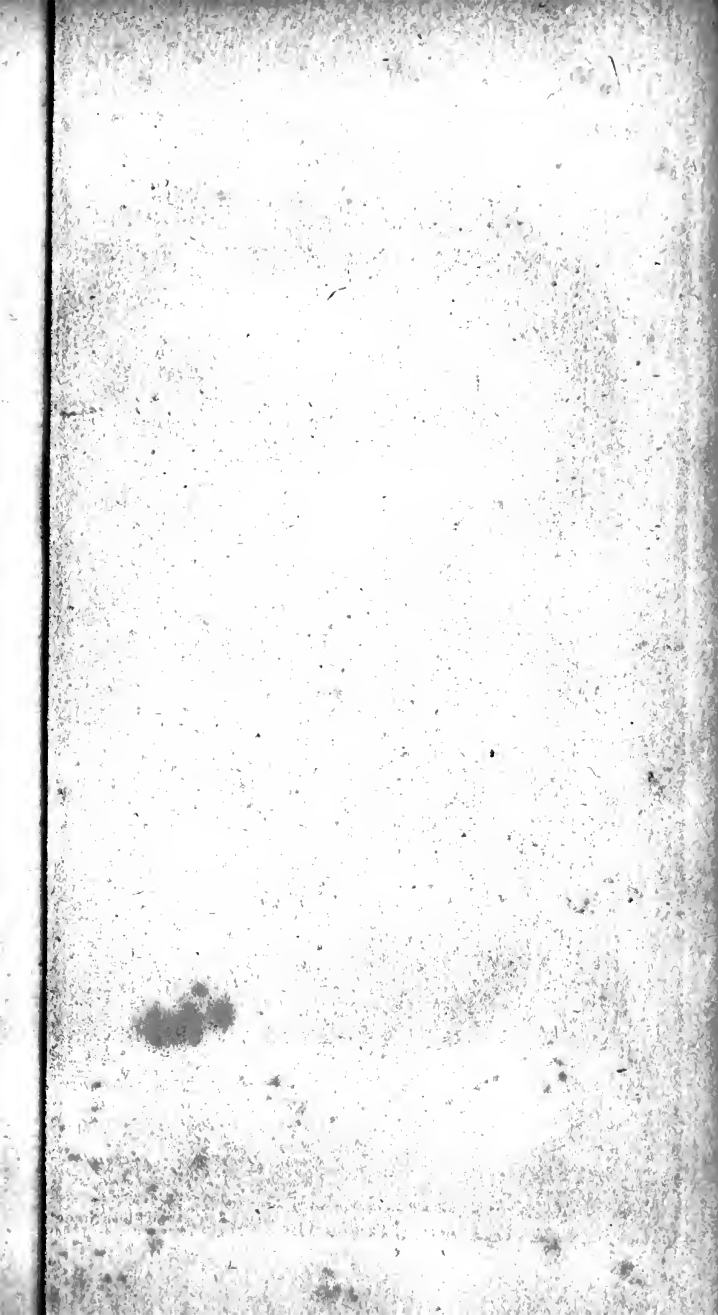
The author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving *A History of English Poetry*: In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this island, and were our progenitors: the following three imitations made a part of them. He afterwards dropped his design; especially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.

## P R E F A C E.

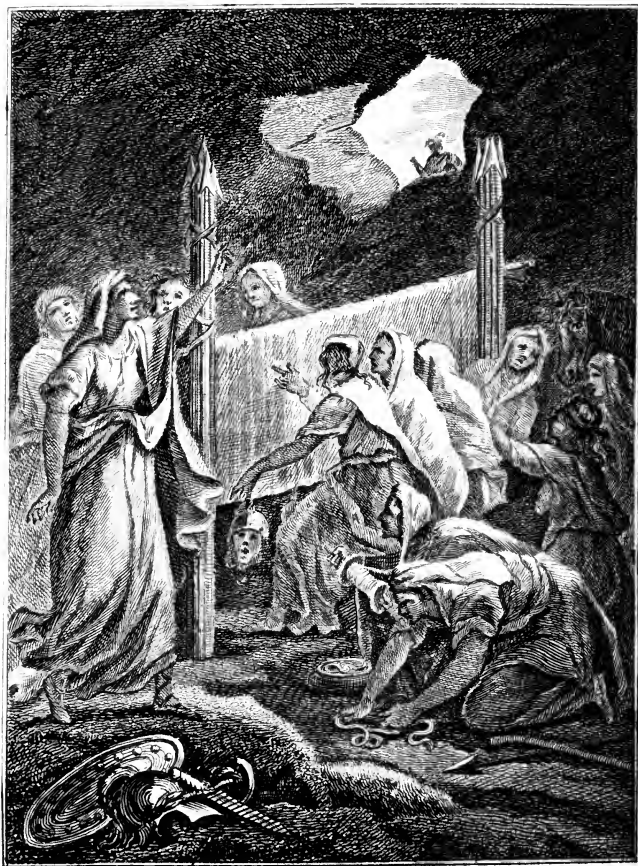
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I N the eleventh century, *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sigtryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sigtryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss, by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of *Caitknefs* in Scotland saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow

them; till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom, and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and, each taking her portion, galloped six to the north, and as many to the south.



# FATAL SISTERS.



*See the grisley texture grow !  
 'Tis of human Entrails made,  
 And the Weights that play below,  
 Each a gasping Warriors Head .*

Nov: 20<sup>th</sup> 1777. Publish'd as the Act directs by J. MURRAY N<sup>o</sup> 32 Fleetstreet London .

(THE END OF THE FIRST PART)

# FATAL SISTERS.

A NOVEL.

---

NOW the storm begins to lower,  
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)

Iron fleet of arrowy shower  
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,  
Where the dusky warp we strain,  
Weaving many a soldier's doom,  
*Orkney's* woe, and *Randver's* bane.

See the grisly texture grow !  
( 'Tis of human entrails made,)   
And the weights that play below,  
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,  
Shoot the trembling cords along.  
Sword, that once a monarch bore,  
Keep the tiffue close and strong.

*Mista*, black terrific maid,  
*Sangrida*, and *Hilda*, see !  
Join the wayward work to aid :  
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy fun be fet,  
Pikes must shiver, javelins fmg,  
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,  
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave

(Weave the crimson web of war,)  
 Let us go, and let us fly,  
 Where our friends the conflict share,  
 Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,  
 Wading thro' th' enfanguin'd field,  
*Gondula*, and *Geira*, spread  
 O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,  
 Ours to kill, and ours to spare :  
 Spite of danger he shall live.  
 (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach  
 Pent within its bleak domain,  
 Soon their ample sway shall stretch  
 O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,  
Gor'd with many a gaping wound ;  
Fate demands a nobler head ;  
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,  
Ne'er again his likeness see ;  
Long her strains in sorrow steep,  
Strains of immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,  
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.  
Sisters, weave the web of death.  
Sisters, cease : The work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands !  
Songs of joy and triumph sing ;  
Joy to the victorious bands ;  
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal,

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,  
Learn the tenour of our song.  
Scotland, thro' each winding vale,  
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!  
Each her thundering faulchion wield;  
Each bestride her fable steed.  
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

T H E

March 11. 1911. 1911.

March 12. 1911. 1911.

March 13. 1911. 1911.

March 14. 1911. 1911.

March 15. 1911. 1911.

March 16. 1911. 1911.

March 17. 1911. 1911.

March 18. 1911. 1911.

March 19. 1911. 1911.

THE  
DESCENT OF ODIN.  
A N O D E.

(From the NORSE TONGUE.)

To be found in BARTHOLINUS, de causis  
contemnendæ mortis; HAFNIÆ, 1689,  
Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

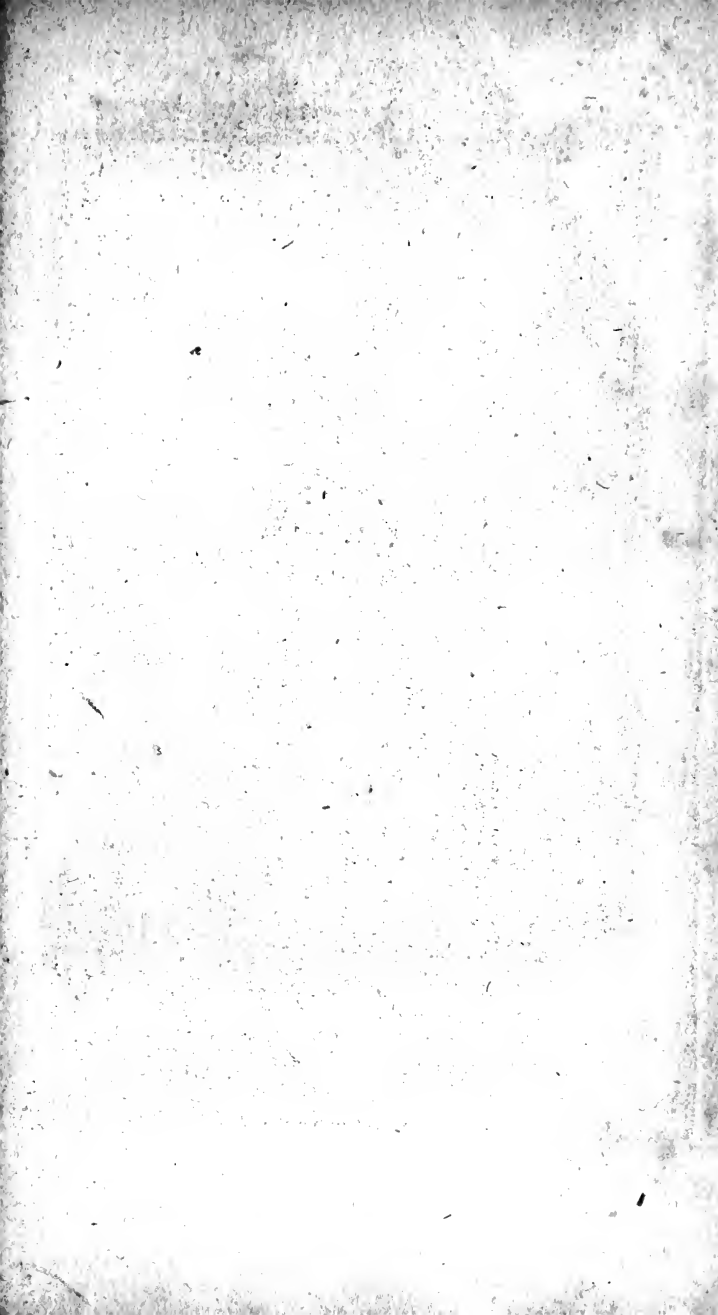
PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TO THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



## DESCENT of ODIN.



*Facing to the northern clime,  
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;  
Thrice pronounc'd in accents dread,  
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead!*

Published as the Act directs 15 Aug: 1776

THE  
DESCENT OF ODIN.  
A N O D E.

---

U P ROSE the King of men with speed,  
And saddled strait his coal-black steed:  
Down the yawning steep he rode,  
That leads to HELA's drear abode.  
Him the dog of darkness spied;  
His shaggy throat he opened wide,  
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,  
Foam and human gore distill'd.  
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,  
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;

And

And long pursues, with fruitless yell,  
 The father of the powerful spell.  
 Onward still his way he takes,  
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)  
 Till full before his fearless eyes  
 The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,  
 By the moss-grown pile he sat,  
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid  
 The dust of the prophetic Maid.  
 Facing to the northern clime,  
 Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;  
 Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,  
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;  
 Till from out the hollow ground  
 Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

## P R O P H E T E S S.

What call unknown, what charms, presume  
To break the quiet of the tomb?  
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,  
And drags me from the realms of night?  
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat  
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,  
The drenching dews, and driving rain!  
Let me, let me sleep again.  
Who is he, with voice unblest,  
That calls me from the bed of rest?

## O D I N.

A Traveller to thee unknown,  
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.  
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;  
Tell me what is done below,  
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,  
Drest for whom yon golden bed.

## P R O P H E T E S S .

Mantling in the goblet fee  
The pure bev'rage of the bee ;  
O'er it hangs the shield of gold :  
'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold.  
*Balder's* head to death is giv'n.  
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n !  
Unwilling I my lips unclofe :  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

## O D I N .

Once again my call obey.  
Prophetess, arise, and say,  
What dangers *Odin's* child await,  
Who the author of his fate.

## P R O P H E T E S S .

In *Hoder's* hand the hero's doom ;  
His brother sends him to the tomb.

Now

Now my weary lips I close :

Leave me, leave me to repose.

O D I N.

Prophetess, my spell obey ;

Once again arise, and say,

Who th' avenger of his guilt,

By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt.

P R O P H E T E S S.

In the caverns of the west,

By *Odin's* fierce embrace compest,

A wond'rous boy shall *Rinda* bear,

Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,

Nor wash his visage in the stream,

Nor see the sun's departing beam,

Till he on *Hoder's* corse shall smile

Flaming on the funeral pile.

Now my weary lips I close :

Leave me, leave me to repose.

I

O D I N.

## O D I N.

Yet awhile my call obey ;  
 Prophetess, awake, and say,  
 What Virgins these, in speechless woe,  
 That bend to earth their solemn brow,  
 That their flaxen tresses tear,  
 And snowy veils, that float in air.  
 Tell me whence their sorrows rose :  
 Then I leave thee to repose.

## P R O P H E T E S S.

Ha ! no Traveller art thou,  
 King of Men, I know thee now ;  
 Mightiest of a mighty line——

## O D I N.

No boding Maid of skill divine  
 Art thou, nor Prophetess of good,  
 But mother of the giant-brood !

P R O-

## P R O P H E T E S S .

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,  
That never shall enquirer come  
To break my iron-sleep again ;  
Till *Lok* has burst his tenfold chain. —  
Never, till substantial Night  
Has reassum'd her antient right ;  
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Sinks the fabric of the world.



T H E

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A F R A G M E N T.

F R O M

Mr. EVANS's Specimen of Welsh Poetry;  
LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

OWEN succeeded his father GRIFFIN in the principality of NORTH WALES, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

THE  
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.  
A FRAGMENT.

---

OWEN's praise demands my song,  
OWEN swift, and OWEN strong;  
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,  
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.  
He nor heaps his brooded stores,  
Nor on all profusely pours;  
Lord of every regal art,  
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,  
Squadrons three against him came;  
This the force of Eirin hiding;  
Side by side as proudly riding,  
On her shadow long and gay  
Lochlin plows the wat'ry way;  
There the Norman fails afar  
Catch the winds, and join the war:  
Black and huge along they sweep,  
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands  
The dragon-son of Mona stands;  
In glittering arms and glory drest,  
High he rears his ruby crest.  
There the thund'ring strokes begin,  
There the press, and there the din;  
Talymalfra's rocky shore  
Echoing to the battle's roar.

Where

Where his glowing eye-balls turn,  
Thoufand banners round him burn :  
Where he points his purple fpear,  
Hafty, hafty Rout is there ;  
Marking with indignant eye  
Fear to ftop, and fhame to fly.  
There Confufion, Terror's child ;  
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild ;  
Agony, that pants for breath ;  
Defpair, and honourable Death.

\* \* \* \* \*

O D E



O D E   F O R   M U S I C.

PERFORMED IN THE

S E N A T E - H O U S E

A T

C A M B R I D G E, J U L Y 1, 1769,

At the I N S T A L L A T I O N of his Grace  
AUGUSTUS-HENRY FITZROY, Duke of  
GRAFTON, CHANCELLOR of the Univerſity.



O D E F O R M U S I C.

I R R E G U L A R.

---

I.

“ **H**ENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)  
“ Comus, and his midnight-crew,  
“ And Ignorance with looks profound,  
“ And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,  
“ Mad Sedition's cry profane,  
“ Servitude that hugs her chain,  
“ Nor in these consecrated bowers  
“ Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train  
“ in Flowers.

“ Nor

“ Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain  
“ Dare the Muse’s walk to stain,  
“ While bright-eyed Science watches round :  
“ Hence, away, ’tis holy ground !”

## II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day  
Bursts on my ear th’ indignant lay :  
There sit the fainted Sage, the Bard divine,  
The Few, whom Genius gave to shine  
Thro’ every unborn age, and undiscover’d  
clime.

Rapt in celestial transport they,  
Yet hither oft a glance from high  
They fend of tender sympathy  
To bless the place, where on their opening soul  
First the genuine ardor stole.

’Twas Milton struck the deep-ton’d shell,  
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,

Meek

Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,  
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the  
rhyme.

## III.

" Ye brown o'er-arching Groves,  
" That Contemplation loves,  
" Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!  
" Oft at the blush of dawn  
" I trod your level lawn,  
" Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright  
" In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,  
" With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd  
" Melancholy."

## IV.

But hark! the portals found, and pacing forth  
With solemn steps and flow,  
High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,  
And mitred Fathers in long order go:

Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow  
From haughty Gallia torn,  
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn  
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely  
Clare,

And Anjou's Heroine, and the paler Rose,  
The rival of her crown and of her woes,  
And either Henry there,  
The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord,  
That broke the bonds of Rome.  
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,  
Their human passions now no more,  
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)  
All that on Granta's fruitful plain  
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,  
And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,  
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;  
And thus they speak in soft accord  
The liquid language of the skies.

## V.

“ What is Grandeur, what is Power ?

“ Heavier toil, superior pain.

“ What the bright reward we gain ?

“ The grateful memory of the Good.

“ Sweet is the breath of vernal flower,

“ The bee’s collected treasures sweet,

“ Sweet music’s melting fall, but sweeter yet

“ The still small voice of Gratitude.”

## VI.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud,

The venerable Marg’ret see !

“ Welcome, my noble Son, (she cries aloud)

“ To this, thy kindred train, and me :

“ Pleas’d in thy lineaments we trace

“ A Tudor’s fire, a Beaufort’s grace.

“ Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,

“ The flower unheeded shall descry,

K

“ And

“ And bid it round heav’n’s altars shed

“ The fragrance of its blushing head :

“ Shall raise from earth the latent gem

"To glitter on the diadem.

## vii.

"Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,

“ Not obvious, not obtrusive, She

“ No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;

“ Nor dares with courtly tongue refin’d

“ Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :

“ She reveres herself and thee.

" With modest pride to grace thy youthful

“brow

"The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she

" brings,

“ And to thy just, thy gentle hand

" Submits the Fasces of her fway,

“ While

“ While Spirits blest above and Men below  
“ Join with glad voice the loud symphonious  
“ lay.

## VIII.

“ Thro’ the wild waves as they roar  
“ With watchful eye and dauntless mien  
“ Thy steady course of honour keep,  
“ Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :  
“ The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,  
“ And gilds the horrors of the deep.”

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# E P I T A P H.

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И Ч А Т И Ч И

О М



EPITAPH ON M<sup>rs</sup> CLARKE.



*Lo! where this silent marble weeps,  
A Friend, a WIFE, a Mother Sleeps.*

Published Nov<sup>r</sup> 1783, by J. MURRAY, 32, Fleet Street.

E P I T A P H

ON

M R S. C L A R K E.

---

L O! where this silent marble weeps,  
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps;  
A Heart, within whose sacred cell  
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.  
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,  
And soft Humanity were there.  
In agony, in death resign'd,  
She felt the wound she left behind.

Her infant image, here below,  
Sits smiling on a father's woe :  
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays  
Along the lonely vale of days ?  
A pang to secret sorrow dear ;  
A sigh ; an unavailing tear ;  
Till Time shall ev'ry grief remove,  
With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

E L E G Y

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

# E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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**T**HE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,  
Molest her antient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn  
Or busy housewife ply her evening-care;  
No children run to lisp their fire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share,

Oft did the harvest to their fickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :  
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast,  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
 Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy to mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. [deck'd,

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd  
 The place of fame and elegy supply; [Muse,  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,

‘ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
 ‘ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
 ‘ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 ‘ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 ‘ His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
 ‘ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

L

‘ Hard

‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 ‘ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;  
 ‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
 ‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,  
 ‘ Along the heath and near his favourite tree ;  
 ‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
 ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

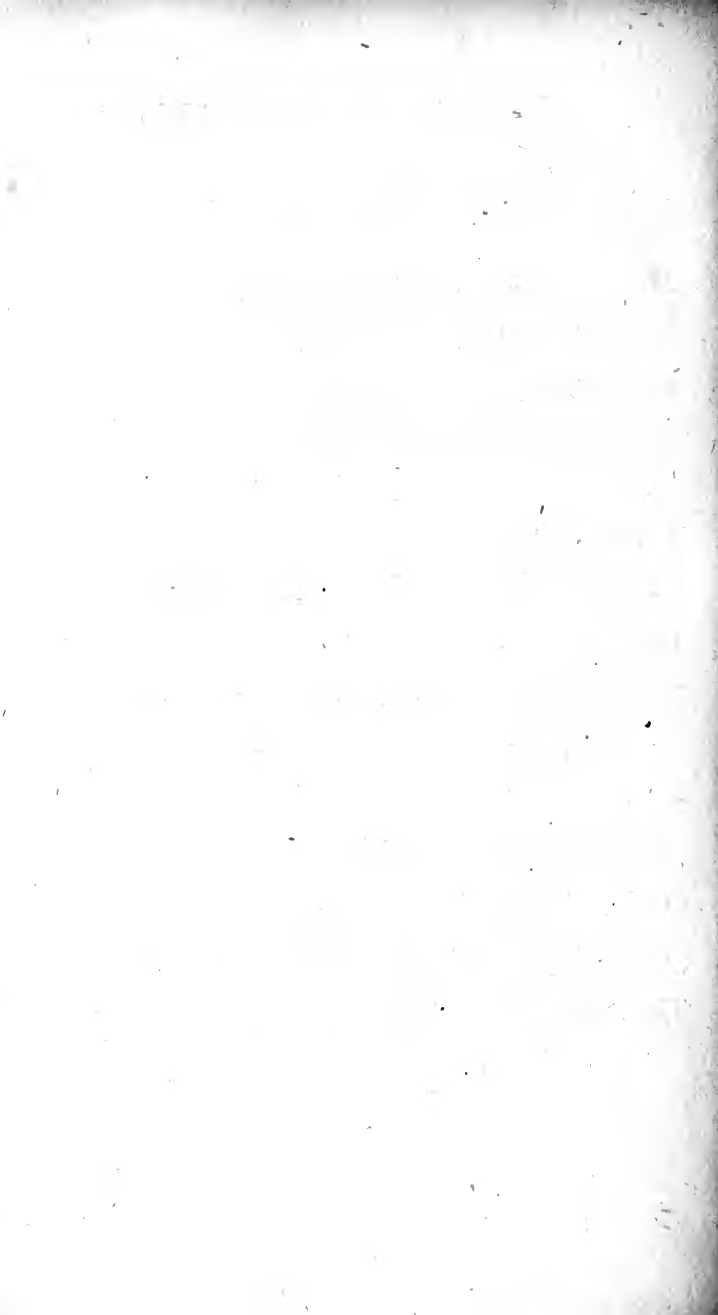
‘ The next with dirges due in sad array  
 ‘ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him  
     ‘ borne,  
 ‘ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 ‘ Grav’d on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn.’

## THE EPI TAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown :  
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

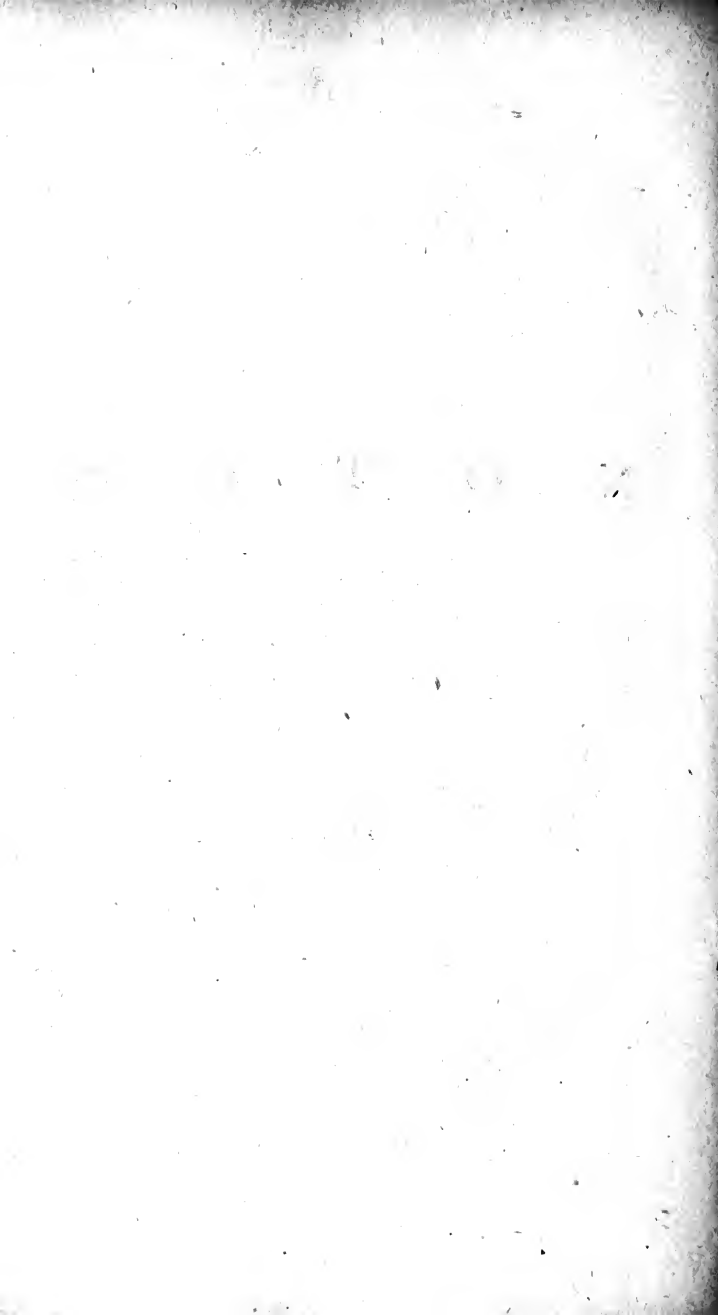
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :  
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,  
 He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd, a  
 Friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.



N O T E S.

L 3



# N O T E S.

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PAGE 44. *O'er-canopies the glade.]*

————— a bank

O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.

*Shakesp. Mids. Night's Dream.*

P. 45. *And float amid the liquid noon.]*

Nare per æstatem liquidam——

*Virgil. Georg. lib. 4.*

Ibid. *Quick-glancing to the sun.]*

————— sporting with quick glance,

Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt  
with gold.

*Milton's Paradise Lost, book 7.*

Ibid. *To Contemplation's sober eye.]*

While insects from the threshold preach,

Æc. M. GREEN, *in the Grotto.*

*Doddsley's Miscellanies, Vol. 5. p. 161.*

Page 55. *Her HENRY's holy shade.*]

King HENRY the Sixth, founder of the College.

P. 56. *And, redolent of joy and youth.*]

And bees their honey redolent of spring.

*Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.*

P. 59. *And moody Madnefs laughing wild.*]

And Madnefs laughing in his ireful mood.

*Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.*

P. 66. *My grave Lord-Keeper led the Brawls.*]

Hatton, preferred by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine Dancing.

P. 71. *Styack*] The House-keeper.

P. 72. *Squib*] Groom of the Chambers.

*Ibid. Groom*] The Steward.

*Ibid. Macleane*] A famous Highwayman hanged the week before.

P. 83. *Awake, Æolian lyre, awake.*]

Awake, my glory : awake, lute and harp.

*David's Psalms.*

Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολίς μολπὴ Αἰολίδες χορδαί,

χορδαί, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν. Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are here united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; as well in its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with all the pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers; as in its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

P. 84. *Ob! Sovereign of the willing soul.*]

Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passions of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

*Ibid. Perching on the sceptred band.*]

This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.

P. 85. *Thee the voice, the dance obey.*]

Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

P. 85. *Glance their many-twinkling feet.]*

Μαρμαρυγὰς θηεῖτο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῶ.

HOMER. Od. ο.

P. 86. *The bloom of young desire, and purple light of Love.]*

Δάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι

Παρείησι φῶς ἔρωτος.

PHRYNICUS, *apud Athenæum.*

Ibid. *Man's feeble race what ills await !]*

To compensate the real or imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given us by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

Ibid. *Till down the eastern cliffs afar.]*

Or seen the Morning's well-appointed star  
Come marching up the eastern hills afar.

COWLEY.

P. 87. *In climes beyond the solar road.]*

Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh Fragments, the Lapland and American songs, &c.]

“ Extra

“Extra anni solisque vias—” VIRGIL.

“Tutta lontana dal camin del sole.”

PETRARCH, *Canzon* 2.

P. 87. *Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep.*]

Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surry and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers, and Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

P. 89. *Nature's darling.*] Shakespeare.

Ibid. *Nor second he, that rode sublime.*]  
Milton.

Ibid. *He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time.*]

“ — flammantia mœnia mundi.”

LUCRETIVS.

P. 90. *The living throne, the sapphire blaze.*]

For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.—And above the firmament that  
was

was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone. —This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. *Ezekiel* i. 20, 26, 28.

P. 90. *Clos'd his eyes in endless night.*]

Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· δίδε δ' ἠδεῖαν αἰοιδῆν.

HOM. OD.

*Ibid. Two coursers of ethereal race.*]

Meant to express the stately march and founding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

*Ibid. With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.*]

Haft thou clothed his neck with thunder?

JOB.

*Ibid. Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.*]

Words that weep, and tears that speak.

COWLEY.

*Ibid. But ah! 'tis heard no more—*]

We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day: for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy

worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed, of late date days has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses,—above all in the last of Caractacus:

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread? &c.

P. 91. *That the Theban Eagle bear.*]

Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιθα θεῖον. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

P. 95. *They mock the air with idle state!*]

Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John*.

Ibid. *Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail.*]

The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

P. 96. ——— *the crested pride.*]

The crested adder's pride.

DRYDEN'S *Indian Queen*.

P. 96. *As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side.*]

*Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call *Craigian-eryri*: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built there by King Edward the First, says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Westminster (ad ann. 1283), "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigo castrum forte."

Ibid. *Stout Glo'ster stood aghast*——]

Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

Ibid. *To arms! cried Mortimer*——]

Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were *Lords Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

Ibid. *Loose his beard, and hoary hair.*]

The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being

Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings, both believed original, one at Florence, the other at Paris.

P. 96. *Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air.*]

Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

P. 98. *On dreary Arvon's shore——*]

The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

Ibid. *The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.*]

Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *the Eagle's Nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmorland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby's *Ornithol.* published by Ray.]

P.

P. 98. *Dear, as the light that visits these  
sad eyes.]*

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart——

SHAKESPEARE'S *Jul. Cæsar*.

Ibid. *And weave with bloody hands the tissue  
of thy line.]*

See the Norwegian ode that follows.

P. 99. *Shrieks of an agonizing King!]*

Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in  
Berkley-castle.

Ibid. *She-wolf of France——]*

Isabel of France, Edward the Second's  
adulterous Queen.

Ibid. *From thee be born, &c.]*

Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

Ibid. *Low on his funeral couch he lies!]*

Death of that king, abandoned by his chil-  
dren, and even robbed in his last moments  
by his courtiers and his mistress.

P. 100. *Is the sable warrior fled?]*

Edward the Black Prince, dead some time  
before his father.

P. 100. *Fair laughs the Morn, &c.]*

Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign.  
See Froissard and other contemporary writers.

*Ibid. Fill high the sparkling bowl.]*

Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers, was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

P. 101. *Heard ye the din of battle bray.]*

Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

*Ibid. Ye tow'rs of Julius.]*

Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

*Ibid. Revere his consort's faith——]*

Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

*Ibid. ——— his father's fame.]*

Henry the Fifth.

M

*Ibid.*

Ibid. *And spare the meek usurper's holy head.*]

Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

Ibid. — *the rose of snow, &c.*]

The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

Ibid. *The bristled boar*——]

The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name *of the Boar*.

P. 102. *Half of thy heart we consecrate.*]

Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

P. 102. *No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.*]

It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land,

land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

Ibid. *All-bail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's  
issue, bail !]*

Both Merlin and Talieffin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island ; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

P. 103. *Her lion-port, her awe-commanding  
face.]*

Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, ‘ And thus she, lion-like rising, ‘ daunted the malapert orator no less with her ‘ stately port and majesticall deporture, than ‘ with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes.’

Ibid. *Hear from the grave, great Talieffin.]*

Talieffin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

P. 104. *Fierce War, and faithful Love.]*

Fierce wars and faithful loves shall  
moralize my song.

SPENSER'S *Proem to the Fairy Queen.*

Ibid. *In buskin'd measures move.*]

Shakespeare.

Ibid. *A voice, as of the cherub-choir.*]

Milton.

Ibid. *And distant warblings lessen on my ear.*]

The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

P. 111. *Note.*—The *Valkyriur* were female divinities, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chusers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valhalla*, (the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the brave,) where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Ibid. *Iron fleet of arrowy shower.*]

How quick they wheel'd, and, flying,  
behind them shot

Sharp fleet of arrowy shower.—

MILT. *Par. Regained.*

Ibid. *Hurtles in the darken'd air.*]

The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

SHAKES. *Jul. Cæs.*

P.

P. 114. *Long his loss shall Eirin weep.*]

Ireland.

P. 119. *That leads to HELA's drear abode.*]

*Niflheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided HELA, the Goddess of Death.

P. 125. *Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain.*]

*Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches; when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see "Introduction a l'Histoire de Dannemarc, par Mons. Mallet," 1755, Quarto; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and intitled, "Northern Antiquities;" in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

P. 129. *Gwyneth.*] North Wales.

P. 130. *Locklin.*] Denmark.

*Ibid.* *The dragon-son of Mona stands.*]

The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallador, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

P.

P. 138. *Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow.*]

Edward the Third, who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

Ibid. *And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn.*]

Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon Comte de St. Paul in France: of whom tradition says, that her husband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

Ibid. ——— and princely Clare.]

Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the Poet gives her the epithet of *princely*. She founded Clare-Hall.

P. 138. *And Anjou's Heroine, and the paler Rose.*]

Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The Poet

Poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in *The Bard*, Epode 2d, Line 13th.

Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

Ibid. *And either Henry there.*] Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

P. 139. *The venerable Marg'ret see!*]

Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

Ibid. *A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.*]

The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor: hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

P. 140. *The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore.*]

Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University, in the reign of Q. Elizabeth.

P. 145. *Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke.*] This Lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, Physician at Epsom,

Epsom, died April 12, 1757; and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

P. 149. *The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day.*]

—— squilla di lontano

Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

DANTE, *Purgat. l. 8.*

P. 155. *Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.*]

Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,  
Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi  
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.

PETRARCH, *Son. 169.*

157. *Grav'd on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn.*]

In the first edition of this poem, the following beautiful lines were inserted immediately before the epitaph; but they have been since omitted, as the parenthesis was too long.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,  
By hands unseen, are show'rs of violets found;  
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,  
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.







